

Chapter 536 The Real Larry

Amelia's POV:

I heard the ruckus in the living room and knew that Larry was having another episode. Suddenly, a thought occurred to me. What if this was my chance to do something?

I struggled to get up and looked at my options on the bedside table. I quickly selected the vase and hid it under the pillow.

When Larry came back later, I could smash the vase on his head. So what if he was the most powerful wizard in the world? He was still made up of flesh and bones like me. Even the most powerful wizard could get injured. If I was lucky, perhaps I could kill him in one blow.

I lay on the bed again and pulled the quilt up to my chin to cover my naked body. Adrenaline pumping through my veins, I took a deep breath to calm myself down and returned to the same position Larry had left me in, lying there stiffly.

"Devil! You're the devil!"

I could hear Larry's shouts from here. At the same time, I caught a whiff of something burning.

Oh, God! What the hell was Larry up to?!

Shocked, I tried to see what was going on, but Larry had closed the door behind him.

Was he planning on burning this place down?

"Amelia!"

Suddenly, Larry called out my name and rushed into the bedroom like a wild bear. He was carrying something black in his hand. "Amelia, lie down, you bitch. I want to fuck you!"

Larry stared at me with his bloodshot eyes. He looked like the devil himself. His burning gaze made my heart bang against my chest anxiously.

"Oh, now you're afraid? Ha! You bitch!" Larry threw the black thing on the bed. Upon a closer look, I realized that it was my underwear. Larry had burned my underwear. What a madman!

Despite this unnerving sight, I remained unfazed. I couldn't lose my cool now. I had to wait until I found an opportunity to smash his head with the vase.

"Amelia, you're a strange creature. You have such a vicious heart, yet you have such a beautiful pussy!" As Larry spoke, he forced my legs apart and thrust his disgusting cock into my vagina. I stared back at him coldly, endured his violent assault and clamped down on his member hard, rendering him unable to thrust back and forth inside me.

"Stop it! I want to have a good time. Don't make me hurt you!" Larry wrapped his hands around my neck and leaned over to whisper viciously in my ear.

I sneered and subtly reached for the vase under the pillow. I knew that the opportunity had come. Whenever Larry cursed me, his guard was down.

"Amelia, as long as you stop thinking about that fucked-up bastard..." Larry started to say.

Just then, my fingers found and gripped the vase firmly.

Now was my chance! "Go to hell, you bastard!"

As the vase arced in the air, every crime that Larry had committed against me flashed in my mind. I was so angry that my body trembled. My mind was a mess but one thought stood out: I must kill him!

With a loud bang, I smashed the vase against Larry's head with all my strength.

Adrenaline pumping through my veins, I watched as Larry crumpled to the floor. However, he didn't pass out as I had expected. He just staggered for a few seconds and then got up again.

Oh, my God! How could this be? I looked at Larry in despair and retreated to the other edge of the bed. I knew I was done this time. I had dared to retaliate. Surely he'd explode and kill me now.

Although I had often fantasized about death these days, I was still scared to stare death in the face.

My heart shattered into a million pieces at the thought that I never got to see Morgan before I died.

I squeezed my eyes shut and decided to face the consequences bravely.

However, seconds passed and the expected blow never came. I didn't even hear Larry's roar, which was uncharacteristic of him. I couldn't help but crack one eye open to peek at Larry. I found that he was standing by the bed, staring at me blankly.

What on earth was happening?

I swallowed nervously and felt my heart racing anxiously in my chest. I had smashed a vase against his head. Shouldn't he be furious with me?

"Who are you?" Unexpectedly, Larry looked at me in confusion.

What?

I stared at Larry with eyes as wide as saucers. Did I hear him wrong? Did Larry just ask me who I was?

Oh, my God! Did he lose his memory after being hit in the head?

"Uhm... I... I..." I stuttered and couldn't get a word out. I looked at Larry blankly, at a loss as to how I should respond.

Larry's POV:

I felt as though I awoke from a long and terrible dream.

A few days after I broke up with Amelia, I felt depressed and went to a remote forest alone to take a breather. But it was a very strange forest. There were no animals or birds, only dead trees. The further I went into the forest, the thicker the stench of death. In the center of the forest was a clearing covered in a strange red substance—blood.

Out of curiosity, I used my witchcraft to open up the land. Underneath, I found a stone emanating a magical aura. I picked it up and then the magic stone emitted a dazzlingly colorful light.

The next second, I passed out.

When I woke up again, I felt that I was pulled into a terrible nightmare. In the nightmare, a stranger took over my body. He looked exactly the same as me, but he was completely different. He was irritable, resentful, and a murderer. He was the one who secretly poisoned my father.

My father had joined hands with the vampires to attack the werewolves together. Everything went smoothly. However, in the most critical moment, my father weakened from poisoning and died in the hands of a werewolf.

In fact, the real murderer who killed my father was not the werewolf, but the irritable and terrible me.

I was shocked and scared, but I couldn't do anything about it. I saw the man who looked exactly like me crying hypocritically at my father's funeral, but when nobody was looking, he smiled complacently and muttered, "Amelia, the obstacle to our relationship is finally gone."

I couldn't believe that he killed my father just because he objected to my relationship with Amelia.

Oh, my God! I would never do something like that! I loved Amelia dearly, but I would never kill my father for her. I wanted to escape from this terrible dream, but no matter how hard I tried, it was futile.

I could do nothing but watch him commit more unspeakable crimes.

The despicable me even imprisoned Amelia!

Oh, my God! How could he do this to her? Amelia was married and pregnant then! But he just whisked her away without a care in the world. He locked her in a dark basement, aborted her child, and constantly raped her, treating her like nothing but a toy.

I really couldn't bear to watch, but I couldn't get out of this terrible dream. Left with no other option, I decided to fall asleep again.

I knew it was cowardly of me, but what else could I do? Maybe it really was just a dream. Perhaps if I just slept long enough, the nightmare would come to an end and I'd would wake up.

But I was wrong. I was just lying to myself. In the back of my mind, I knew that it was no dream. Everything was true. I just didn't have the courage to face that fiend.

Now that I was awake after so many years, I felt as though I had been cut off from the rest of the world for ages.

Looking at the naked and teary-eyed Amelia in front of me, I had thousands of apologies in my heart, but in the end, I swallowed them all.

"Uh... Who on earth are you?" I tried my best to stop myself from trembling.

I had no choice but to lie. In the end, I couldn't face her, nor could I explain what had happened to me.

I could only pretend that I lost my memory. Albeit cowardly, at least I could escape the guilt in my heart.

Damn it! What on earth had I done?

